

LIVELY PLAY GUYS JEROME

AND FINALLY SHAKES HIS HAND WITH HAMMERSTEIN'S.

"Lifting the Lid" at the New Amsterdam Aerial Gardens is amusing and extremely various—Woe of a Man Who Can't Give Away Tainted Money.

The Aerial Garden at the New Amsterdam Theatre opened for the summer last night with a new set of decorations, a full house and a good show. "Lifting the Lid," a review, is the main attraction. It is packed jam full of pretty girls and lively tunes and local hits. District Attorney Jerome as played by Julius Tannen is the goat. He gets it from curtain to curtain, and still there is nothing calculated to force the Aerial Gardens into putting in new exits.

"Lifting the Lid" starts out to have a plot. George Stonefellow has got a legacy of \$100,000 on condition that he spends \$10,000 in a week; if he doesn't, the money goes to his cousin, provided she marries him. He can't spend money for the life of him; he can't even give it away because it was made in Standard Oil. He tries to give \$50 to two telephone girls who Johnnie are held up in the cafe because they can't pay the bill; he tries to give it to a newsboy; he tries to bribe a cop. No go.

As soon as they learn that it is Standard Oil money they talk about the taint and drop it. The plot gets lost after that, and District Attorney William T. G. Rome comes on, preceded by a chorus entitled "There's Nothing Doing in the Good Old Town," which tells how the lid is down.

A writer wrote a dead march in Standard Oil. Mr. G. Rome has a cigarette, a hatchet, and four detectives.

"You're all fired," says he. "You failed to notice that there was a light in the Astor-Hill mansion after 9:30, you haven't found a defective theater to-day, and my picture hasn't been in the papers for a week."

(One of the detectives makes a jest. "You're fired!" says the District Attorney. "You're the only joke in the department which is about as hard as the goat he gave himself."

He is hunting Hammerstein. In the second act, Oscar appears himself before a theatre which is all exits. He proposes to build two new houses and write a play before lunch; but first he kicks a dummy labeled "Jerome" through a screen. What he then enters G. Rome with a hatchet, hot for Hammerstein.

"Hello, Bill," says Hammerstein. "Hello, Ham," says the District Attorney. "Say, we've had about all the advertising we're going to get out of this. Shake. Then G. E. Rome takes off his mustache and does imitations of Richard Mansfield and others.

There's more to it—Jays from up-stage, drunken chappies, McAdoo dragons, hello go out for lobster, who wait to go on the stage, a policeman from Albany, and all the other characters which belong to a review. The lid is in plain sight on the stage. It's a skeleton high hat, from which G. E. Rome issues now and then. The cop who sits on it wakes up all of a sudden. "It's a skeleton high hat. I only took a bit of quinine for my cold."

The lines verge on the limit now and then. "I saw the manager," says the girl who wants to go on the stage. "He was real brotherly. Asked me if I was alone in New York and if I was married and if I was comfortable in my present quarters."

"I am thinking," says the politician. "Don't. Every time you think, I blush," says Corinne as *Mothlight*, the drummer.

The second part is a pot-pourri of scenes from Gilbert and Sullivan, including "Pirates of Penzance," "Pinafore," "The Mikado" and "Iolanthe."

HAWKSHAW THE DETECTIVE. The Good Old "Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the Fourteenth Street Theater.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man," an ancient favorite, was produced at the Fourteenth Street Theater last night by the Gottlieb stock company. Charles A. Gottlieb has a notable plan of reviving the good old melodramas, one a week, throughout the summer.

Anyhow, last night E. J. Ratcliffe as Bob Brierly, Laura Wall as May and Tully Marshall as Hawkshaw the detective, made a hit with the audience.

Again the struggles and ultimate triumph of Brierly moved before the audience, again and again, the detective was being hauled out and once again the language of "I am Hawkshaw the detective" rang out to the joy of the young hearts in Fourteenth street.

Next week Miss Laura Wall, who hails from Colorado, will appear in the title role of Dion Boucicault's "The Octoroon."

Paradise Roof Garden Opens. Oscar Hammerstein's Paradise Roof Garden, on top of the Victoria Theatre, opened for the season last night with a large and attractive bill. A crowd went up on the roof to get what air was moving and to see the show. The bill included Louise Gunning, who sang her Scotch songs; Spessard's trained bears, one of whom balanced lady and refused to ride a bicycle; To-To, the mysterious musician, who was at the Victoria last week; Galetti's troop of trained monkeys and stunts, the male quartet. There is to be a change of bill weekly. Maggie and the Four Morions being among those engaged for next week. Judging from the crowd on the roof last night the roof gardens are going to be mighty popular this season if the weather fits them.

Mme. Schumann-Heink Returns. Mme. Schumann-Heink, the former grand opera singer, who is now starring in "Love's Lottery," began a limited engagement at the Academy of Music last night. The comic opera is given by the same good crowd that appeared in it on Broadway earlier in the season and bids fair to be just as successful in the playhouse further down town. A large audience gave Mme. Schumann-Heink an enthusiastic welcome.

Adelaide Keim as "Hamlet." The Adelaide Keim Stock Company put on "Hamlet" at the Harlem Opera House last night. Miss Keim appearing in the title role. The friends of the young woman filled the house and Miss Keim made a hit with them as the mad Prince. She received several curtain calls after each act. Her support was fair. The play will run throughout the week.

Last Week of Damrosch Concerts. Walter Damrosch began last night at the New York Royal Symphony Orchestra. The last Wagner night will be given on Thursday when the program will include selections from "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger," "Rienzi" and "Siegfried."

MAINED IN SAVING GRANDSON. Bernard Got Little Boy Out of Way of Baker's Wagon, but His Own Feet Were Crushed.

George Bernard, who lives at 235 West 125th street, and is 88 years old, was crossing 125th street, in front of his home last night just as a baker's wagon, driven by Charles Hennick, came along. Mr. Bernard's grandson, Leo Garvin, 2 years old, was directly in the horse's way. The grandfather sprang forward in time to knock the child out of danger, but was knocked down himself, and the wagon ran over him.

Both his feet were crushed by the wagon wheels. He was unconscious when he was knocked down. He was sent to the J. Wood Wright Hospital.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

This town's a small place, after all. Four years ago the home of a young college man in Brooklyn was looted by burglars and his college fraternity pins were among the things stolen. The police didn't take any great interest in the affair and none of the stuff was recovered.

A few days ago a business man downtown wrote the college man that he had a pin which he thought might be his property. The latter sent a description of all the pins he had lost in one way or another for some years back and followed up his letter with a personal call. He got the missing fraternity pin and heard the story of its recovery. The business man's little son had found it while playing in Central Park. As the owner's name was engraved on the back of the pin it was not a hard matter to locate him through the city directory.

Pearl street does queer stunts, but there seems to be no excuse for making its wanderings worse than they are. Some municipal joker has labeled the lamp post at William and Liberty streets as William and Pearl streets, which is several points off the course Pearl street is supposed to take in that neighborhood.

The old woman who has sat on the sidewalk on the west side of Union Square selling kittens and infant rabbits for so many years that she has become a landmark has recently added an innovation to her costume, whimsically in harmony with her business and suggesting the time when she was a little girl. Across the bottom of her wide blue and white checkered apron she has embroidered a series of conventionalized kittens playing with angular balls in the cross stitch designs of her grandmothers employed in working their "samplers." As many persons stop now to admire her apron as those who pause to look at her belabored baby animals, which long ago became an old story.

A man who had evidently not wasted too much time in sleep the night before curled himself up in the berthlike motor-car at the rear of an elevated car. "Houston next!" sang out the guard. The man in the berth roused himself with a start. "Houston, Texas," he repeated sadly. "Cinderella, in I in Texas? I never sh'd of loved I was in such a State as 'at I you hadn' a' kindly told me."

Several churches in the upper West Side have the hours of service painted in large letters on their side walls, but it remained for an East Side synagogue to display huge posters of Coney Island attractions.

The only two houses in Sixth avenue painted black are both used as undertaking establishments. Both establishments are run by men of the same name. What is even more remarkable is the fact that every man of that same name mentioned in the city directory follows the same occupation, although there are a number of them scattered over the city.

A colored woman went into one of the police courts the other day and asked the Magistrate for a warrant for a gentleman. "He tried to give me knock-out drops, your Honor, and I jes' can't stan' for that, now."

"But how do you know that he tried to give you knock-out drops?" asked the Magistrate.

"How do I know it?" she snorted, contemptuously. "Didn't I see the round red drop in the bottom of the glass?"

A man who is usually good tempered and careful as to his language surprised his friends greatly the other day when they met him at the pier after his three months' sojourn in France by swearing viciously at everything and everybody who looked like a porter or servant. His friends ventured to ask him about it.

"Why am I swearing?" he asked. "Out of pure cussedness, I suppose. But I've been over there among those French fellows for three months and not one of them could understand a word of what I was saying. Every time I got mad and swore they simply grinned, and said 'good morning' to me. I got such a lot of wrath bottled up inside me that I simply can't help letting some of it out at people who can understand me."

MR. LOOMIS'S NEW NOVEL. He Confides Its Title and Other Things to Literary Women of Jersey City.

Charles Battell Loomis was a guest yesterday at a reception given by the Jersey City members of the New Jersey Woman's Press Club, at the People's Palace, Forrest street and Bergen avenue, Jersey City.

Mr. Loomis looked as if he had heard sad news as he stood in a corner of the room and shook his head with a despairing air. He said, however, that he was enjoying himself hugely.

"I am just finished writing a novel," he said, when he was introduced by Miss Ada D. Fuller of the Jersey City Evening Journal. "The reason I'm happy is that I can't mind telling the title of my novel for two reasons. First, you are mostly women, and second you are members of the press, so I know you will keep secrets. I have just finished writing a novel. I have found a title and a publisher, and that's why I'm so happy. The title of the novel is 'Minerva's Maneuvers.' I told the publisher I was coming here to-day and he hoped I would say something to you about the book. I said I would because I knew it wouldn't go any further."

FAREWELL DINNER TO JOHN FOX. Democratic Club's President to Spend the Summer Abroad.

John Fox, president of the Democratic Club, will sail to-morrow on the *Oranienstein* for Europe. He will be away all summer. He is on the other side will visit Richard Croker. In order to bid him farewell Mr. Fox's friends gave a dinner last night at the Democratic Club. The guests were: John J. Scannell, John J. Quinn, John H. Campbell, W. Pitt Mitchell, John H. Haselocher, J. Lewis Lyon, Adrian T. Kerman and C. T. Oendorf.

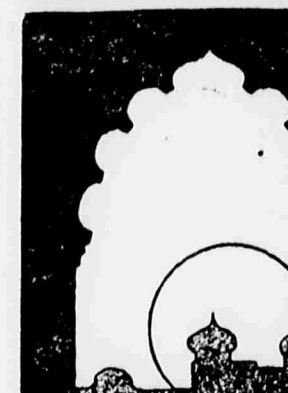
Empty Find. Policeman Edward Moore of the traffic squad found a small package in the street in front of Tiffany's yesterday afternoon, and a great many people stopped to see him open it. It contained three pairs of silk stockings. The police sent out a general alarm to find the appertaining lady.

AT NUMBER 400 FIFTH AVENUE. (Ret. 30th & 31st)

Tempting Gifts. If you are looking for a suitable present, we have an assortment of real merit. An English glass flower holder is only \$1.25; a royal blue vase, Doublon's newest decoration, \$3.00; a winning bronze electroplated, \$3.00; a Louis XVI. bronze box, of crystal with bronze mountings, \$6.00. Numerous others. Come and see our unique items.

MERMOD, JACCARD & KING Jewellers. Our Catalog of Jewellery, Etc., Sent Free

PUBLICATIONS.



shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

THE GREAT MOGUL BY LOUIS TRACY Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

PUBLICATIONS.



shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

THE GREAT MOGUL BY LOUIS TRACY Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

PUBLICATIONS.



shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

THE GREAT MOGUL BY LOUIS TRACY Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

PUBLICATIONS.



shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

THE GREAT MOGUL BY LOUIS TRACY Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

PUBLICATIONS.



shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

THE GREAT MOGUL BY LOUIS TRACY Author of "The Wings of the Morning"

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great Mogul," a glorious novel written by the great modern master of the art of story telling.

EDWARD J. CLODE, Publisher, New York

shape the Empire, or rather their sweethearts do. Read "The Great